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PRICE TEN CENTS.

# Suck

"What Fools these Mortals be!"

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"NEVER AGAIN!"  
HIS NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.



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## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"



"HOME, JAMES."

which  
begs to go

unprotected, which does not fear "the pauper labor of Europe," which yawns out nothing about "the American standard of living" — Great Dingley! Could evidence be clearer of an unsound mind?

### CHIVALROUS BUFFALO BILL!

He refused to testify against a lady's character even when offered \$50,000. And just think how many glass balls he could buy with \$50,000!

BEFORE branding him as a rabid "reactionary" the radical opponents of Governor Hughes might secure the opinion of one, Richard A. McCurdy on the subject. Cable address: Dick, Paris.

It will come to this: that the courts will recognize the legality of a properly conducted athletic club. — *Sporting page New York Mail.*

A "properly conducted athletic club," in the opinion of certain people, is a place where near-humans pound each other's faces in a reek of tobacco smoke.



WHEN POSTERITY GETS AT HIM.

THE OPPONENTS OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT COULD NOT WISH HIM ANY WORSE THAN THIS.

GEORGE WASHINGTON could no more fill the Presidency to-day than that of the poet laureate of England. Neither could President Lincoln. They were equal to the day in which they lived, but conditions are much harder. — *The Rev. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur.*

How about the Constitution? Does that fit into present conditions any better than Washington could?

THERE IS nothing more stale, flat and unprofitable than the output of a New York dramatic critic who tries to be funny and fails.

THE REV. DR. AKED, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, rebuked his congregation for being "stingy souls" the other Sunday and insisted that \$7,000, the amount of the church debt, be subscribed before the members left their seats. The amount was forthcoming, but what a crude, outworn way to raise money! How the sophisticated worshippers must have chuckled behind their hymnals! Any one of them could have told Dr. Aked that the way to raise money for a \$7,000 deficit is to take the deficit down to Wall Street, capitalize it at \$50,000, and sell the stock.

"OLD PUCK,  
with a flash  
of its for-  
mer vigor, etc."

Thus *Town Topics*, with a flash of its former spiciness.

# Why Don't You Speak for Yourself, John?



PRISCILLA was a maiden, in Plymouth she did dwell  
In a little rustic cottage beside a mossy well.  
John Alden he did knock upon that cottage door one day,  
And when she asked him, "Take a chair?" these words to her did say:  
"Miles Standish is a friend of mine, so loyal, brave and true,  
He loves you very dearly and he wants to marry you.  
He is a very famous man with riches laid away.  
I hope you will consider him." Then she these words did say:

## CHORUS.

Why don't you speak for yourself, John?  
I have been waiting for you.  
I don't want riches or pelf, John,  
Only a heart that is true.  
A man who can't do his own wooing  
Had ought to be laid on the shelf.  
Springtime's for billing and cooing.  
Why don't you speak for yourself?

John Alden was a noble lad, so loyal, brave and true,  
He long had loved Priscilla, but knew his duty, too.  
"Once more, then, I must ask you, will you Miles Standish wed?"  
Priscilla she said, "No, sir;" and then John Alden said:  
"Since you will not wed Standish, however much I say,  
It would be very foolish to throw my chance away.  
Come to my arms, my darling, here you shall always stay.  
You gave me excellent advice, when you to me did say:

## CHORUS.

P. L. Allen.

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



## SONGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"Formerly the poets of America did not give the attention they should to song writing."

—Popular Song Publisher's Circular.

## CONFIDENCE.



ONCE there was a man who bought a beautiful gold brick for which he paid the sum of ten or fifteen dollars, although it looked exactly as if it were worth ten or fifteen thousand.

Then he took it home and, opening his ledger, made an entry which materially swelled his assets.

Then he mortgaged his home and bought an automobile and a season ticket for the opera and gave a large dinner at Sherry's. And why should he not, for was he not a rich man and could he not prove it by his ledger?

And then one day it occurred to him to examine his gold brick a little more closely. Whereupon he found that it was worth only ten or fifteen cents.

He lost confidence immediately, and the effort he made to get rid of the brick brought on a severe panic.

Ellis O. Jones.

## THE PAT POSTCARD.

"My husband is such a poor correspondent, when away."  
"Indeed?"

"Oh, atrocious! Why, he went right through Sioux City, the other day, without sending me a view of the New York post-office!"

**F**amilies are like clocks. Too much regulation makes them go wrong.



## A CAREFUL CONTRACTOR.

MRS. SUBBS.—If you'll shovel the snow off all the walks I'll give you something to eat and some money besides.

THE HOBO (after a survey of the premises).—Dat looks good ter me, lady; but where am I ter sleep nights?

## PUCK

### THE FLAT-DWELLER.



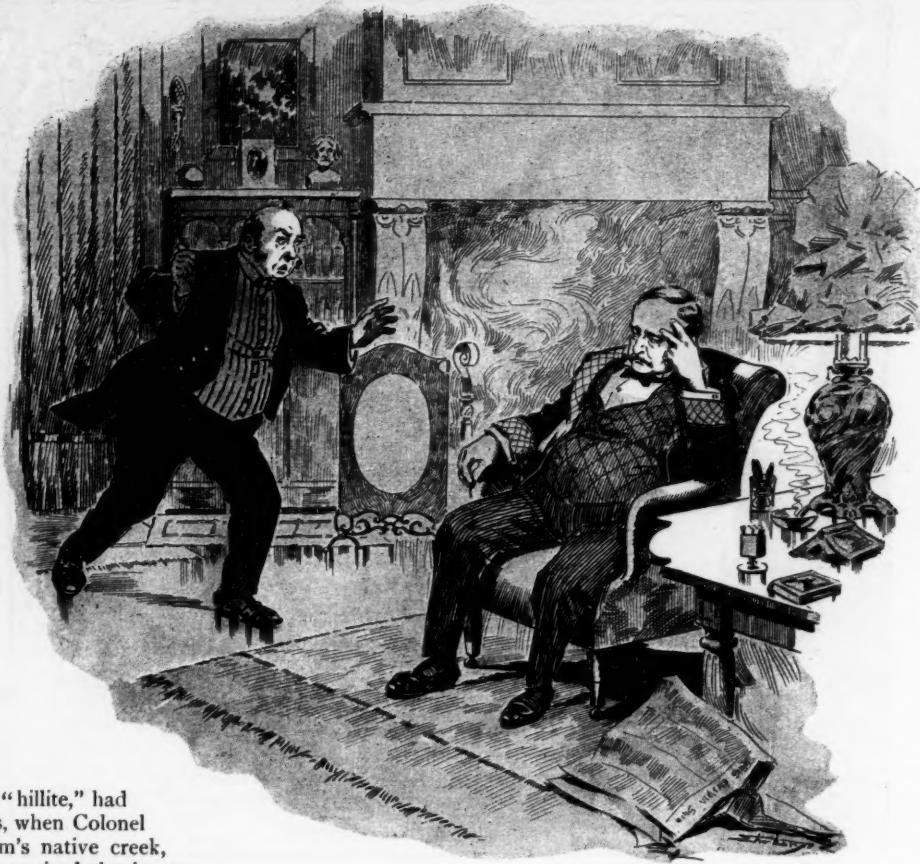
ALL morn he sits about  
From worry free,  
And then his wife goes out.  
Alone is he.  
He thinks he'll take a bath;  
Discards his things,  
Whereat, much to his wrath,  
The doorbell rings.

Ting-a-ling.  
Ting-a-ling-a-ling!  
Ting-a-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-ling!  
Ker-bling!

Unto the tub he hies  
In silent dread  
And, like an ostrich, tries  
To hide his head.  
But here the hand of doom—  
'Twas ever thus! —  
Doth make that bell resume  
Its awful fuss.

Ting-a-ling-ling.  
Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-lang! Ting-a-lung!  
Ting-a-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-l-ling-ling!  
Ker-blang!

Will S. Adkins.



### MOUNTAIN DIPLOMACY.

JIM LOCUSTROOT, a typical West Virginia "hillite," had been out of pickled meat for three days, when Colonel Bobbes, a resident of the other fork of Jim's native creek, butchered. A consistent opportunist, Jim recognized the immediate expediency of entering into negotiations and little Jim was sent on a special mission, with full capacity to treat.

"Tell th' Cunnel," said the instructing power, "t' send me over a shoulder an' a piece o' side, an' I'll pay 'im back when I kill."

Little Jim returned almost immediately, having received nothing but his credentials and passports, as *persona non grata*. As a result, the *entente cordiale* was disturbed for quite a spell and the



### BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS AND BEHIND THE SCENES.

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER (to editorial writer).—Say, old man, I wish you'd write another of those corking editorials on "The Optimistic Outlook." A little stronger than the last one—go the limit—confidence restored—bumper crops—panic talk all rot—*you* know—lay it on thick.

EDITORIAL WRITER.—I wondered whether I mightn't get that \$5 on my salary you promised me two years ago.

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER.—Great Greeley! Don't you read the papers? With the situation financially what it is, things crippled and the country on the edge of disaster, you can ask for more money! Why, McNally, I wouldn't believe it of you!

WOULDN'T IT MAKE YOU MAD —



If you were an earnest editor and had written an earnest editorial on Trust Evils —

And if you had tried to impress upon your readers the fact that the Trust Problem was serious matter, to be treated seriously —

And if you had sought to show them that there was nothing in it to laugh at, but something that demanded sober thinking —

incident was far from being closed, when the Colonel rode up one morning and passed a frosty "Howdy" to Jim, who was sitting on the fence in front of his cabin, watching the snow melt.

"I came over," continued the visitor, "to see if I could get you to do some sprouting."

"Oh! 'Lowed mebbe yo' come over t' fetch me that meat yo' promised me."

"You worthless scoundrel, I never promised you any meat! It would take four fat hogs to pay what you owe me now."

"I know it, Cunnel, an' I got 'em right hyur. Ain't the' beat on this crick, an' when yo' see 'em hung up by th' gam-bolin' sticks yo'll say, 'Jim, never mind 'bout whut y' owe me—hit's wuth it, jest t' see sech hawgs. You'll —"

"Where are those wonderful hogs?"

"Did I say hawgs? Reckon I did, though—natchullest thing in th' world to say it, fer that hawg lays it over t' any fo' hawgs I ever see. Fat! Thet hawg's so fat, he's a mis'ry t' hisself. Never will fergit th' strenuous time I he'd with 'im las' fall, when th' weather broke. Couldn't git 'im under th' house, and jest natchulley hed t' build a pen over 'im, out thar in th' field!"

REMARKS WE MAKE.

(Illustrated Literally.)

"Coming down in the Subway this morning, we just crawled."

"The animal must be a veritable curiosity. I'd like to take a look at him."

"Cunnel, I'm a pow'ful pore hand at explainin' myse', an I see yo' misunderstandin' me. I was merely tellin' yo' whut that shoat's goin' t' be, when he gits his growth. Can see, right now, tht he's goin' t' be one o' them big-boned devils tht y' kin pile th' meat onto tell yo're plumb tired. Likeliest shoat tht ever put his feet in a trough."

"Is the pen handy to the house?"

"Now, jest hold on, Cunnel—don't git excited. I ain't got no shoat. Never saw sich a feller ez yo' fer wantin' t' see, 'ceptin' one, an' he lost fo'ty dollars, fust thing he knowned, on a game o' keerds. Ain't got no shoat, but if my wife hadn't gone off an' left th' house locked up, I'd show yo' th' purtiest little suckin' pig tht ever drunk milk off'n a floor. Hain't been weaned more'n a week, an' it's cuter'n a pet fox."

"You long-legged liar, I don't believe you've even got a sucking pig."

"Cunnel, ef 'twuz any man but you thet doubted my wuhd, it'd make me fightin' mad in a miute, but ef yo'll 'light an' rest yo'

saddle, I'll tell yo' jist how it is. Beinst yo're in a hurry, I'll tell yo' anyhow. Ef Jeb Doggins gits a job at th' saw-mill, he 'lows t' buy Johnnys Clark's sow tht'll hev pigs in th' spring, an' he's promised me one o' tht litter fer a mess o' squirrels. Yas. An' th' woods up about th' head o' Pennike's so full o' squirrels tht when they all bark to once, yo' kin feel th' groun' shake. One o' these days I'll saunter up thar with a gun, an' hit'll be jist like findin' thet pig. Finest prospect fer meat this fam'ly's hed fer a —"

But the Colonel had disappeared up the road. He had not even stopped to revert to the sprouting proposition.

"Beats all how peculiar some folks is," ruminated the mountaineer, as he resumed his meteorological observations. "Jincey, yo' kin go ahead now, gittin' dinner. Ef it wuzn't gittin' so fur along in th' day, I b'lieve I'd go out an' see if I couldn't hole a rabbit."

F. P. Smart.

If they printed your editorial next to a cartoon like this, wouldn't it make you mad?



AN EXPRESS ORDER.

MISS HIPPO.—How dare you, sir! Transfer your trunk immediately!

**A coincidence is a plea set forward by a plagiarist for stealing another man's work.**

# PUCK

## MACARONI.



IS MADE of the flour of wheat, so they say,—  
Although I confess to the dawnings  
Of doubt how they mix it on Avenue A  
Before it is dried on the awnings.

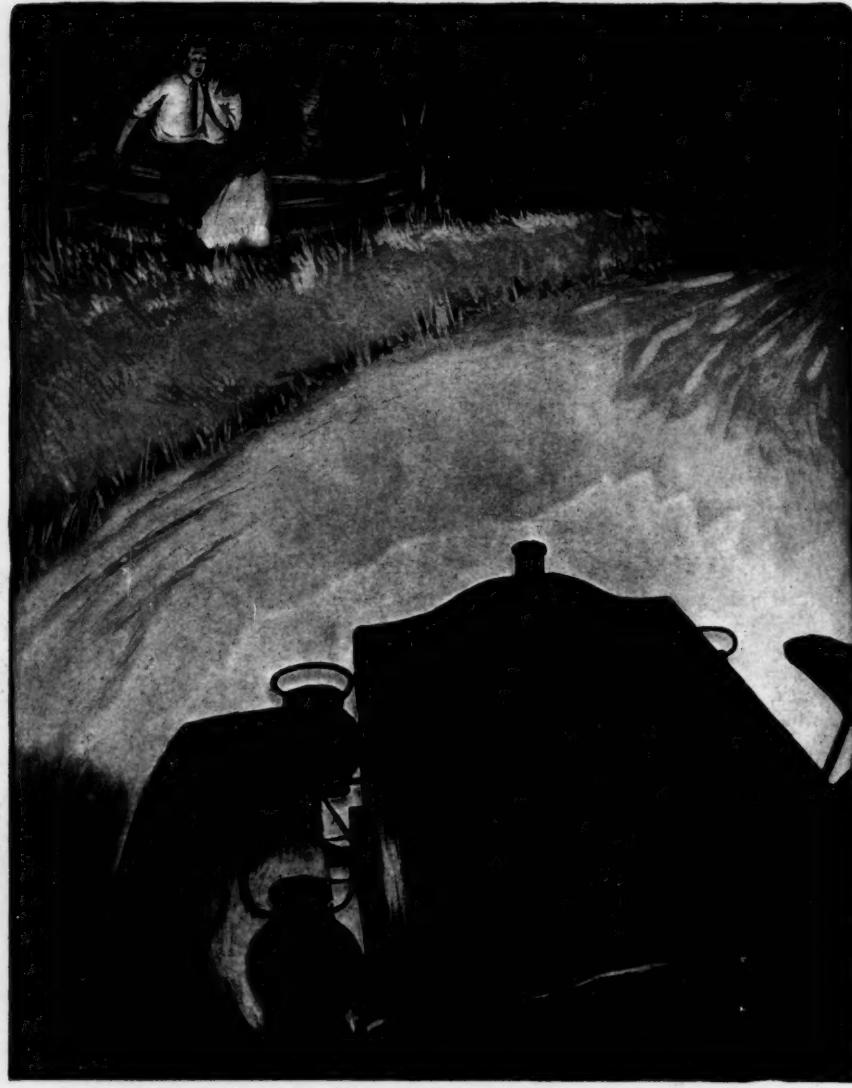
Fair Italy's sons in the family shed  
Alluringly drape it and coil it;  
But don't be afraid, for the microbes are dead  
As nails if you properly boil it.

'Tis blithe, in the cellars of festive New York,  
To see how the diners assail it:  
Some mince it, some reel up its lengths on a fork,  
While others devoutly inhale it.

It should be absorbed to "Faniculi's" strains,  
Or, maybe, to "Santa Lucia's."  
All poet's agree it is good for the brains,—  
The best may be had at Maria's.

I like it served hotter, by twenty degrees,  
Than—any place mentioned by Dante;  
Then, quickly! Beppino, with plenty of cheese,  
And don't you forget the Chianti! *Arthur Guiterman.*

"PA, what is dyspepsia?"  
"It is the remorse of a guilty stomach, my son."



"DARN THOSE AUTOMOBILES!"

*It is well to aim high; but success comes oftenest to the man who aims straight.*

## THE OPEN DATE.

"Loooy Yuh, Brudder Sagg!" severely began good old Parson Bagster. "I has a ceremonious and p'int-blank inquisition to put to yo', sah: Why did yo' beat de wife o' yo' buzzom last Satu'd'y night?"

"Uh - well, Pahson, lez see!" placidly remarked the culprit. "As I recalls it, de reason I beat her on Satu'd'y night was uh-kaze I s'pcioned I'd be too busy to 'tend to de lady's case any time endurin' of de follerin' week. Yassah, dat was it!—on Sunday I knowed I gotter keep movin', uh-kaze I hatter lead de shoutin' at de shed-meetin' down dar at de branch, and den sasshay over to de crossroads and he'p whoop things up at de revival dar—dey gimme suppin' to eat, bofe places, and a pinch out'n de c'lection, and I was



## CAUTIOUS TIMES.

**THE BOOTBLACK.**—In ordeh teh avoid any unpleasantries afteh de shine, suh, I wants teh tell yo' right now dat I can't change no clearin' house suhtificates!

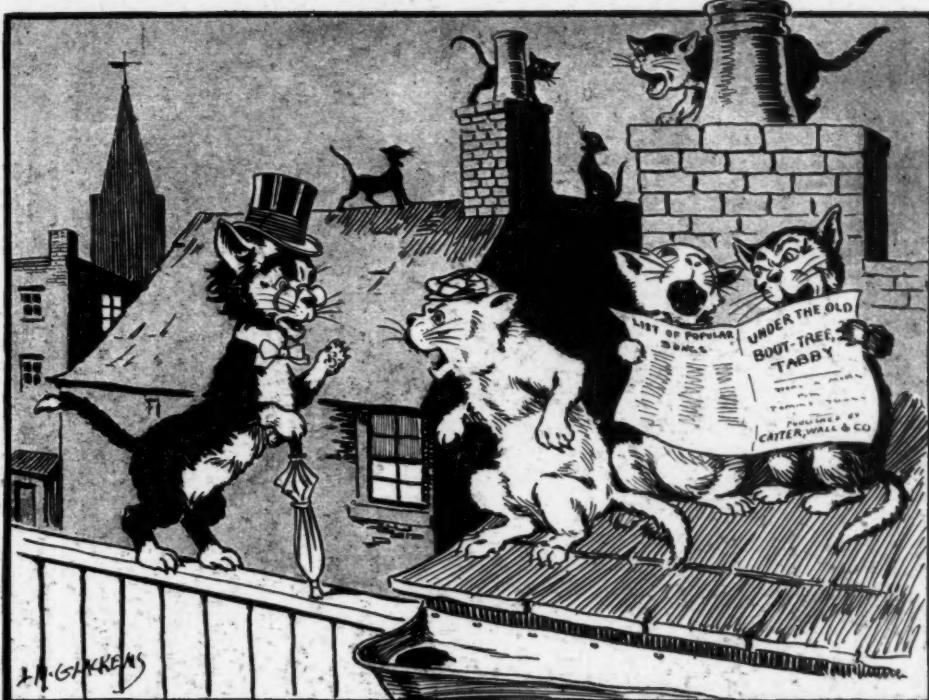
deess nach'l 'bleeged to be dar. Den, along in de week, I hatter do a sight o' 'lec-tioneerin' for de office o' Grand Rampooperate o' de Knights and Ladies o' de Golden 'Scutcheon, dat I's uh-puhspirin' for at de earnest salutation of muh many friends. I had consid'able bidness wid muh fawchin-tellin', too,—I's got to be a seventh son of a seventh son, yuh of late, and it keeps me dustin', he'pin' dem niggers peer into de future. I's a nach'l bone-setter, too—paid a long-haired white man two dollahs to show me how. Also, I was p'intedly 'bleeged to locate a buried treasure for some gap-moufed niggers over beyant de ridge; dey been at me and been at me twell I dess *hatter* take de money. I was dodgin' round, too, 'count of a yallah-completed widdah-lady—dodgin' away fum her, sah; dodgin' away!—and dat took time. And I had a fight—and a purt' tollable lively one, lemme say!—wid a black scoun'rel dat I had done sold a bottle o' truck to take de kinks out'n his hair; knowed 'twuz comin', but dar wa'n't no 'casion for it, dess de same—I never *promised* it would straighten de blame fool's wool; I dess *guaranteed*'twould. But,—ah, Lawd!—he couldn't see no diffunce; he didn't have no sense! Dem things comes up continual in de 'zistence of a Cap'n of Industriousness, like I is, but dey all takes time—dey sho' takes time. I did have a job o' whitewashin' to do if I could-uh got around to it, but I couldn't; and I knowed in de beginnin' dat 'twould be dat-uh-way. Yassah, come to cipher it out, I beat de wife o' muh buzzom on Satu'd'y night uh-kaze I knowed good and well dat I had so much unfinished bizness on hand dat I wouldn't have time to 'tend to the eppersode for de Lawd knows when."

*Tom P. Morgan.*

## THE SUCCESSION OF PARTS.

**THE OLD ONE.**—In adopting a theatrical career, you are entering a touchy and jealous profession. Keep guard over your tongue.

**THE NEW ONE.**—Oh, I've found out that I'll have ample opportunity to think before I speak!



IN FELINE NEW YORK.

THE CLERICAL CAT.—Gentlemen, gentlemen! I'm shocked at such contempt for the public welfare. Don't you know that Sunday concerts are highly immoral?

MODERN.

**H**EN the man had gone down from Jerusalem unto Jericho, and the thieves had duly fallen upon him, and beaten him, and left him half dead, he lay by the roadside, wondering what next. He had not long to wait.

It was only about five minutes, in fact, until the priest and the levite came along. They didn't do a thing, however, but shower him with gifts of all kinds, which, of course, had the effect of pauperizing him.

But right away after that the good Samaritan put in an appearance. He took in the situation at a glance, and handed the man a quantity of sunshine literature.

"Come out of it, old chap!" he exclaimed, cordially. "Don't give up to the livers. Look on the bright side. Be thankful you live in times when the work of charity is better understood."

For true philanthropy is a matter of discretion rather than impulse.

IN SOCIETY.

**P**ROFESSOR VON BULLTONG, the distinguished sociologist, lectured before the Mothers' Club yesterday, and presented a very ingenious argument to the effect that babies are not necessarily an obstacle to divorce. He was enthusiastically applauded.

On Thursday, Mrs. Brown-Jones and Mr. Brown celebrated the tenth anniversary of their divorce. The happy



THE WRONG PLACE.

A shade hustled up to St. Peter. "My good man," he said, "will you tell me where I must go to procure souvenir post-cards?"

And St. Peter, eyeing him sourly, told him where he could go to.

pair were the recipients of warm congratulations and many costly gifts.

Mrs. Smith-Robinson, a prospective divorcee of the near future, is to be given the usual showers, by her innumerable friends.

Mr. Smith, who is to be divorced from Mrs. Brown-Smith the coming week, has entertained his married friends at a stag dinner last evening.

SETTLED.

**T**HE Star Spangled Banner? Its glories are dim, For pray isn't Roosevelt The National Him?

THE WHY OF IT.

**F**REEDOM shrieked, when Kosciusko fell. The world wondered.

"Kosciusko must be the name of a copper stock," suggested somebody, at length, whereupon all was clear, and the world wagged on as before.

IN THE CABINET.

**M**INISTER OF WAR.—The proposed pattern of bullet is quite without practical value. The test proves that such a missile would give our soldiers no advantage whatever.

PREMIER.—Shall we quietly drop it, then?

MINISTER OF STATE.—Why not make formal overtures to the Hague Conference, advocating the prohibition, by international agreement, of this bullet, as being uncivilized and inhuman?

PREMIER, MINISTERS OF LABOR, OF COMMERCE, OF AGRICULTURE, AND OTHERS.—Capital! By all means!

N.S.—So highly is moral prestige now esteemed by even the greatest nations.



"JPSSQUZPFFLSKILIJJKOFF."

No, reader, it is not printer's pi or a typographical error. The East Side letter carrier is merely calling the name of the family on the third floor front.

PUCK



THE PUCK PRESS

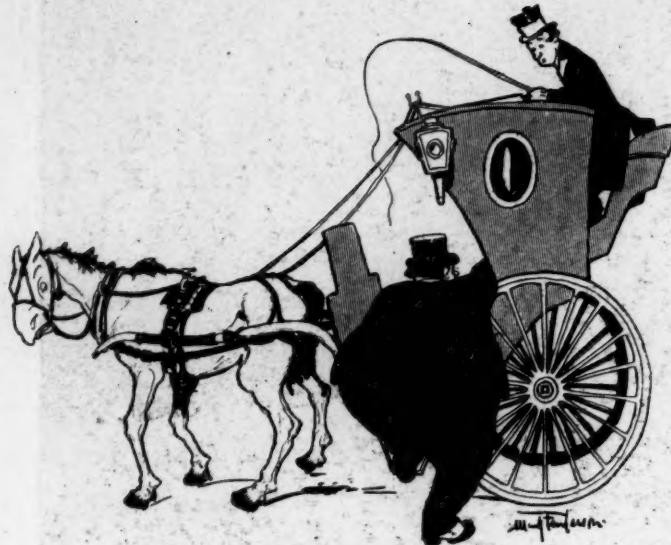
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ND THE CANDIDATES.

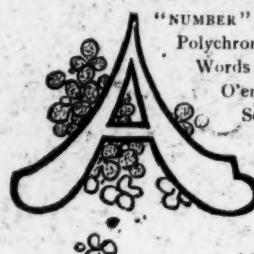
# PUCK



## IMPOSITION.

THE PLUG.—Gee, look what's in a hurry to catch a train!

## BALLADE OF A "CHRISTMAS NUMBER."



"NUMBER" colored for Christmas week,  
Polychromatic beyond compare!  
Words to describe it I vainly seek:  
O'erwhelmed with wonder I sit and stare.  
Some of the pictures are only fair;  
Some are indifferent, some are flat.  
But one there is that is rich and rare:  
*Give me the Guy in the Blue High Hat!*

I like the girl of the umber cheek,  
And her of the French-vermillion hair;  
The maid with the madder dog's unique,  
And the tot with the pea-green teddybear.  
I'm charmed by the person debonair  
Of the purple boot and the mustard spat.  
And yet a preference I must air:  
*Give me the Guy in the Blue High Hat!*

The crimson crow with the sky-blue beak  
May not be paralleled anywhere;  
And oh, what a wild prismatic shriek—  
That He-and-She in the cadmium chair!  
The dame in the passionate pink portiere  
The cobalt cap and the carmine cat  
Are good. But for one I chiefly care:  
*Give me the Guy in the Blue High Hat!*

Color? The rainbow is on a tear.  
Color? The prism is on a bat.  
Color? My choice I still declare:  
*Give me the Guy in the Blue High Hat!*

B. L. T.

## A NATURE-STUDY.

I OBSERVED that the mother of pearl was acting differently, somehow. She seemed to me enormously busy. There remained little of nothing of the placid quiet which I was used to consider her character.

A very civil mollusk, hard by, remarking my perplexity, laughed sardonically.

"Pardon me," quoth I, taking the hint, "but will you courteously inform me what the mother of pearl is about?"

"Why, she imagines she is created for something better than a mere mother's end, and she's going in for a career," he made answer.

Now, if he was to be believed, and truly I had no right to doubt him, here was a striking exhibition of human intelligence on the part of an animal of the lower orders, so-called. Need I add that I mean no disrespect? I record only what falls in my way. *Ramsey Benson.*

***The trouble about room-mates is that each mate wishes to be captain.***

## Puck's Congressional Record.

*(By underground wires.)*

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The following bills have been introduced and referred to their respective committees.

A bill fixing a definite time to revise the tariff. — *Committee on National Elections.*

A bill requiring keepers of restaurants attached to railroad depots and other public places, to further conform to the pure food law by stamping the date of construction on all sandwiches and similar productions offered for sale therein. Also to throw additional and much needed light on the character of such articles of food, by the use of labels, so placed as not to compromise the taste, or to increase the liability to indigestion on the part of the consumer. — *Committee on Public Safety.*

A bill to raise revenue for educational and other purposes, by imposing a tax on correspondence schools and new magazines, started and maintained for the purpose of circulating doubtful stories about animals, and portraits of the principals in sensational murder and divorce trials. Also to regulate the production of plays supposed to be founded on such trials. — *Committee on Public Morals.*

M. C.

## THE HUMAN NATURE OF IT.

"WHY don't you quit smoking, old chap? You know it hurts you."

"Certainly. But every time I make up my mind to do it, somebody comes around and tells me I ought to!"



## HOME LIFE OF GENIUS.

**THE ACTOR** (before breakfast). — Where are the papers, my dear?

**HIS WIFE** (an actress, absent-mindedly). — C-curse you! They are far beyond your reach, thank heaven! And I'll die a THOUSAND DEATHS before you can wr-r-r-r-ing THE SECRET FROM — oh — er — Jack, I mean the boy forgot to leave them this morning!

## IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

## THE USHER, THE PILLAR AND THE PASTOR OF THE FASHIONABLE CHURCH.



CENE.—The Pastor's study, a severe little apartment not unlike the interior of a good-sized box. It is situated, as a matter of form, in the belfry of the church. It is also there situated that those who climb to it may crucify the flesh. It certainly is one or two hundred steps before you get there. In this place of holy meditation are discovered The Pastor, The Usher (the one with the old gray suit and turn-down collar) and The Pillar. This Pillar is a plain, inoffensive appearing man, looking as nearly unlike a Plutocrat as the most fanciful mind may conceive. He is chewing a clove, as he sits on an overturned peck measure. The Usher is reclining on a coil of rope, and the Pastor stands with his hand resting upon the Usher's shoulder, in a most fatherly way. The faces of all three persons in this little party are care-worn, and, just now, to the last degree expressive of anxiety and concern.

THE USHER (*looking wistfully up into the Pastor's face*).—He was such a seedy-looking stranger, bore the marks of trouble, you know—looked weary, and all that sort of thing. So I put him in Mr. Pillar's pew, thinking to make him as comfortable as possible; I mentioned that Mr. Pillar always welcomed strangers.



HIGH NOON.



EATING HIS WORDS.

MR. PILLAR (*wiping some moisture from his eyes*).—Ya-as—I was much affected. Poor fellow! I'm sure I paid him every possible attention all through ser-vice, and indeed to the very moment when I presented him to you.

THE PASTOR.—Ah, yes! I tried to hold his hand for some few moments, indeed—to let him know that in God's house all men are brothers. Surely, Goodness and mercy—" *The Pastor pauses, quite overcome by the flood of pious gratitude which, plainly, all three gentlemen feel. It is, so to speak, in the air, being, in this regard like certain other things, such as chills, which are erroneously supposed to exist in fashionable churches.*

THE PILLAR.—I invited him to my house; I asked him to come to our Thursday evening meeting and run up with me, afterward. It seemed he's not un-ly a stranger in our church, but in our city.

THE USHER.—Aw, now really did you, though? *(The Usher struggles to his feet from the coil of rope and stands—for an usher—quite threateningly beside the overturned peck measure whereon Mr. Pillar rests in his own whole-souled, old-fashioned manner. The Usher appears a trifle miffed and begins speaking rapidly and volubly—" Mr. Pillar, I think you did me a wrong. I invited our friend and brother to go home with me. You might have known that I would! Unquestionably he refused you, because he had not yet accepted my invitation. I begged him to consider —" )*

THE PASTOR (*noting that an angry flush stains the pink cheeks of the Usher and that Mr. Pillar's lips are as colorless as ashes*).—Peace, brethren! Peace! We shall also ourselves honor if we may but find this dear stranger! Let us descend and search the city!

*Usher, Pillar and Pastor disappear in the order named through the narrow opening in the belfry floor. An exceedingly alert mouse peers forth from the coil of rope and listens intelligently, as the sounds of the gentlemen descending the complaining ladder grow fainter, and yet more faint. The mouse says nothing at all; but he looks wise.*

Fred Ladd.

## MORE ELEGIZING.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene"  
The vulgar members of the smart set wear;  
"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,"—  
But that's because it's not considered rare.

## AT THE BOARDING HOUSE.

FIRST BOARDER.—For goodness sake, Bill, smuggle this magazine out of the house before the landlady can see it!  
SECOND BOARDER.—Smarter?

FIRST BOARDER.—Article on "A Dainty Meal from the Dinner's Leavings; or Utilizing the Left-overs."

A FITTING FINALE TO A GOOD DINNER



## LIQUEUR Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

This famous cordial, now made at Tarragona, Spain, was for centuries distilled by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, France, and known throughout the world as Chartreuse. The above cut represents the bottle and label employed in the putting up of the article since the Monks' expulsion from France, and it is now known as **Liqueur Pères Chartreux** (the Monks, however, still retain the right to use the old bottle and label as well) distilled by the same order of Monks, who have securely guarded the secret of its manufacture for hundreds of years, taking it with them at the time they left the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse; and who, therefore, alone possess a knowledge of the elements of this delicious nectar. No Liqueur associated with the name of the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux) and made since their expulsion from France is genuine except that made by them at Tarragona, Spain.

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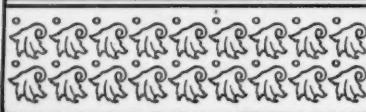
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PUCK



# White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"



HIS HANDICAP.

MRS. OLDHAM.—Father, you look so spruce t'day that I shouldn't wonder a bit if that young gal will be flirtin' with you in a minute.

MR. OLDHAM.—I ain't so sure, Mother. I'm afraid my clothes ain't exactly what they call the new college cut.

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is a great aid to digestion.

### VERY LOW.

"No, indeed, I wasn't there," said Cholly. "I—aw—only associate with my equals, you know."

"Really?" replied Miss Pepprey. "You should aim higher than that."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

### SAFE CHAUFFEUR.

REDD.—I see you've got a new chauffeur.

GREENE.—Yes; he's all right, too.

"Come well recommended?"

"Oh, yes; he doesn't know a single chorus girl."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THE allegation that the rifles found by detectives in Goldfield were hidden by the detectives themselves seems to have been delayed in transit, but its arrival may be depended on.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

IMAGINE a girl's feelings when, six months after the wedding, she comes across a package of old love-letters that were returned to her husband two years before by a former sweetheart.—*Somerville Journal*.

'08.—Who is that awful old frump over there?

'09.—That sir, is my mother.

'08.—Er—ah—oh, yes—um. Well,—ahem—you just ought to see mine!—*Harvard Lampoon*.

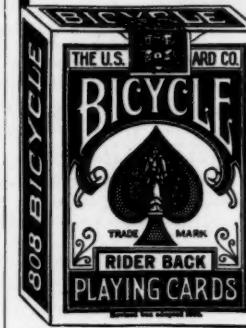
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### A BADDAD.

I caddot sigg the ode soggs  
I sagg so logg ago,  
Because I have a bad code  
By dose is stopped up so.  
Dovebber widds are blowigg dow,  
By dose is blowigg, too.  
I caddot sigg the ode soggs  
As odce I used to do,  
I caddot sigg the ode soggs,  
Oh! DAB this code. A-a-tchoo!

—Columbia Jester.

### STUBBORN BOY.

"He was always obstinate; never would do what you'd tell him to do."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; why, once when he was a boy we threw him overboard and told him to sink or swim."

"And what did he do?"

"Neither; he just turned over on his back and floated!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

WHEN a woman gets to be forty, she often remarks to her acquaintances that when she was a girl her hair was, oh, so luxuriant and used to hang down below her waist.—*Somerville Journal*.

## OUT TO-DAY!

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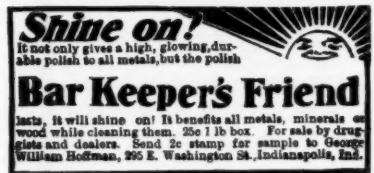
THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

The following label appears on every bottle:

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Hartford New York London

THE Pittsburg clerk who has fallen heir to \$250,000 is likely to leave his job right in the rush season. And he's getting \$11 a week.—*Phila. Ledger*.



#### DOING HER BEST.

"That Mrs. Poppley," said Miss Grouch, "is the most slovenly housekeeper I ever saw."

"But," protested Miss Goodley, "she has a big family of growing boys—"

"All the more shame to her, for she should know that 'cleanliness is next to Godliness,' and—"

"She says it's next to 'impossible,'"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

#### VERY LIKELY.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"Were there only two of everything in the Ark?"

"Yes, my son."

"But, pop, with all those animals there must have been more than two fleas!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

WHEN YOU sleep in a strange house, you always hear a lot of peculiar noises, and so do the people of the house.—*Somerville Journal*.

THE Harvard student who wedded a waitress as a joke is busily engaged in studying out the problem as to whom the joke is on.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

#### Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only when the wine is satisfactory.

## GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

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In the banquet wine *par excellence*. It is the favorite in the homes where the choice of everything is demanded.

Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL.

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All kinds of Paper made to order.

A MAN can never understand why a woman cries when she is glad.—*Somerville Journal*.

#### "MEN OF BRAINS" PAY THE PRICE FOR *Cortez*

and do not waste their cigar money in experiments

#### CAUTION.

"Jane," said the man, "you are spending too much money. I must save part of my income."

"Oh, what's the use of hoarding? Everybody is preaching against it."

"Well, all I can say is that if you keep on there won't be a cent for alimony."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

#### HER ONLY ONE.

MRS. CRIMSON-BEAK.—You ought to be arrested for making me go on the street with that same old dress another season!

MR. CRIMSON-BEAK.—Well, dear, you'd probably be arrested if you went on the street without wearing it!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

#### NOT ABOVE SUSPICION.

"His word is as good as his bond."

"Humph. You ought to see some of the bonds that have been unloaded upon me."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE QUEER thing about it is that there are still so many people who believe that the world in general will be interested in a hard-luck story.—*Somerville Journal*.

THE IMMUTABLE REPUTATION  
OF

## HUNTER WHISKEY

FOR SUPERIORITY IS  
FOUNDED UPON ITS

#### ABSOLUTE PURITY Maturity and flavor

THIS IS A FIXED FACT  
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By E. Frederick.

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#### MR. ASPY'S PAINFUL EXPERIENCE.

J. W. D. Aspy removed a growth from a horse belonging to John Dodd, yesterday, which was petrified. The growth weighed three-quarters of a pound and was about the size of the goose eggs and was the largest of the kind Mr. Aspy ever experienced.—*Indiana Paper*.

THE Maryland man whose brain has been covered with gold leaf by surgeons is now free from the suspicion that he has nothing on his mind.—*Washington Post*.

#### TWO GREAT CITIES BROUGHT CLOSELY TOGETHER.

The New Jersey Central following its usual progressive policy has arranged its New York and Philadelphia service so that every train will be a two-hour train, and that there will be a train every hour on the hour from Liberty Street, New York, leaving West 23rd Street, New York, ten minutes before the hour. This schedule is in effect from 7 A. M. until 6 P. M. There are also trains at 7, 8 and 9 P. M., and other trains at 6:30, 8:30, 11:30 A. M., 10:30, 4:30 P. M., and at 12:15 midnight from Liberty Street. All of these trains run direct to Reading Terminal. In addition to this service, there are trains to 24th and Chestnut Sts., at Philadelphia, at 1:30 A. M., 8:00 A. M., 10:00 A. M., 12:00 noon, 2:00 P. M., 4:00 P. M., 6:00 P. M. and 7:00 P. M. Dining room cars are operated on morning, noon and night trains, and all of the hourly trains have the latest Pullman Parlor cars. The New Jersey Central's road bed is conceded to be the acme of perfection, its line is protected by block signals, and its equipment very much up to date. The New West Twenty-third Street Terminal, in the heart of the business and theatre section, has proved a most popular station for the traveling public, and its Liberty Street station, with its close proximity to the Elevated, Surface and Subway stations likewise makes it convenient to approach.

#### THE SEATS WERE SAFE.

"It would please me mighty, Miss Stout," said Mr. Mugley, "to have you go to the theater with me this evening."

"Have you secured the seats?" asked Miss Vera Stout.

"Oh, come now!" he protested; "you are not so heavy as all that."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

#### ACCOUNTED FOR.

"Is it true that heat ascends?"

"Oh, yes; that is why so many hot-headed men get cold feet."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"BOOMS bursting in air" is an appropriate line from our national song just now.—*Detroit Free Press*.

# 1786

Ales May Come  
And Ales May Go  
But **EVANS'**  
Goes on Forever

#### LIVING BY RULE.

"Hello! Glad to see you looking so well."

"Perhaps I am. I'm dieting now."

"Nuts, fruit or predigested junk?"

"None of 'em. Three square meals a day and a snack between if I feel like it."—*Phila. Ledger*.

#### HOPED SO.

CHURCH.—Is your wife all that she should be?

GOTHAM.—Gracious, yes! She weighs 180 pounds!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

# 1908

#### MUCH DEPENDS.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"Is a thousand feet of gas much?"

"It all depends, my boy, whether a man is burning it or paying for it!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

#### TOO HIGH!

Commenting on the airship, Brother Dickey said: "Hit's ez much ez we kin do ter keep steady on solid groun', much less flyin' in de elements!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

# JOHN JAMESON

★★★

# WHISKEY

When you ask  
for the best  
you should get  
Jamesons

Sole Agents  
W. A. TAYLOR & CO.  
New York

IT looks as if people had been unjust to John L. Sullivan all these years. He says he never smoked a cigarette.—*Somerville Journal*.

AFTER a record-breaking run, the Lusitania delivered \$10,000,000 in gold at New York last week, but a good many of us are still waiting for our ship to come in.—*Washington Post*.

A GALLANT young sw. from Me.  
Once caused his beloved much pe.,  
When he walked off one day  
With her wooden leg, "Pray,  
Excuse me, I thought 'twas a ce."  
—*Harvard Lampoon*.

IT is asserted that a severe winter is in prospect because the fur on the foxes is thicker than usual. The hide on the coal man and plumber, we presume, is also a reliable sign.—*Washington Post*.

"I hear you have been hunting.  
Any luck?"

"Yes. Only one man mistook me  
for a rabbit, and he was a poor shot."  
—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



#### SCANT COMFORT.

THE DENTIST.—Now, Johnny, brace up. It'll be all over in a minute.

BOY.—Yes, but— Gee, think of that minute!

With men of affairs, Abbott's Bitters are the great tonic and aid to digestion. Recommended by physicians. All druggists.

#### THE INTELLIGENT WITNESS.

"What time was it when you saw the accident?" asked the Billville justice.

"Well, sir," replied the witness, "ef I don't disremember, it was winter time."

"I mean, what hour was it?"

"Well, sir, ef I rickollect right, it wuz two hours by sun."

"You don't seem to have any idea of time?"

"I don't see why," replied the witness, "fer I've done time in my time!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

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All this is in January. In succeeding instalments Mr. Ryan will consider the question of currency and the commercial, industrial, and financial future of America and Americans as it may be conditioned by war, politics or the tariff.

OTHER FEATURES IN THIS NUMBER ARE:

**WHEN WE SHALL HAVE WINGS.** By Camille Flammarion.

**THE STORY OF THE FUR BEARERS.** By Charles Livingston Bull.

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RANTON BAWL.—An actor gets much more publicity off the stage than on. For instance, here in this box, I get the benefit of all the intermissions.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
Sold by good druggists and grocers.

### TOBACCO AND HYGIENE.

**Smoking Declared to be an Aid to Digestion, a Preserver of the Teeth and a Prolonger of Life.**

Another of the intermittent discussions on the merits and demerits of tobacco has been hotly carried on in the English newspapers; and the smokers would seem to have come off victorious.

Nicotine, says the London Tribune, is colorless, a violent narcotic, but it is an antidote to strychnine. It is not present in large quantities in tobacco, ranging from 1 to 9 per cent. It is largely consumed and destroyed in smoking, and is not inhaled. The dark oil which forms in the bowl of the pipe is popularly regarded as nicotine, but this is erroneous. It is the water of tobacco in combination with the soot and tar of the smoke. Nicotine forms an infinitesimal part, less than one-tenthousandth, of all the constituents of tobacco smoke. Strenuous anti-smokers lose sight of the fact that tobacco is smoked, not swallowed. Theine and caffeine, the essential elements of tea and coffee, are more poisonous than nicotine.

Mr. Penn, whose book on "The Sovereign Herb" is a classic among smokers, contends

"ON EVERY TONGUE"



**I. W.  
Harper  
Rye**

**Most  
Popular  
Because  
It's the  
Best**

**SOLD BY  
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that tobacco helps digestion and assists the action of the intestines. An after-breakfast pipe, he says, is better than a dose of salts. He asserts that tobacco preserves the teeth from decay, and that after one has reached the age of 30 the use of tobacco will prolong life and preserve the mind.

Pipe smoking is generally conceded to be the most wholesome, providing the tobacco be pure. For out-door smoking the best is a fine cut sliced plug, such as "Lucky Strike," which is deliciously fragrant, gives a long, cool smoke, does not bite the tongue, and is not easily blown out of the bowl.

As a prophylactic, tobacco is unequalled. In bacteriological laboratories smoking is prohibited as destructive to bacilli. During the great plague in London not one person engaged in the tobacco trade was attacked.

Mr. Penn declares that in epidemics of diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhus and typhoid it is wise to let young people smoke as a guard against contagion.

When cholera was raging in Southern Europe in 1885, and people were dying by thousands, none of the 4,000 women engaged in the National Tobacco Factory at Valencia was attacked.

History amply proves, he adds, that tobacco, properly used, is a friend to man, rather than a deadly enemy, as it has so frequently been portrayed.

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### COURAGE.

True courage she has,  
You may gamble upon it;  
She bought a cheap gift  
And left the tag on it.

—Detroit Free Press.

### JUST BEFORE DARKNESS FELL.

"Down with everything!" shouted the anarchist speaker.

"That includes the lights, I suppose?" interrupted the proprietor of the hall, he not having been paid.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ANNE GOULD's denial that she is married to the Prince de Sagan must have been a severe blow to the prince's credit among the trades people.—Washington Post.

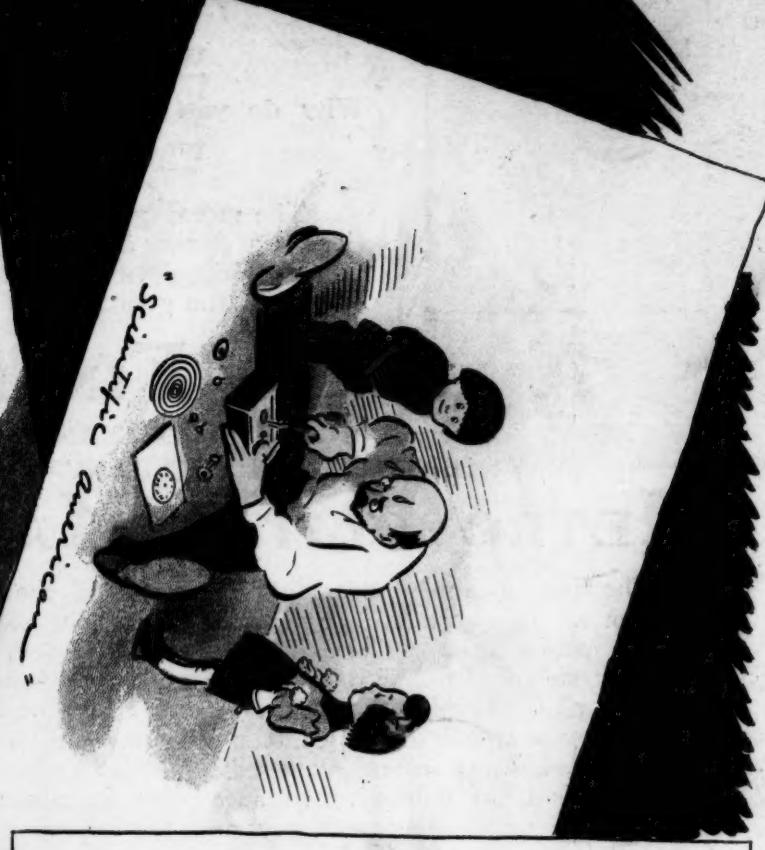
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